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## Popular Tales.

### THE LEPER OF THE CITY OF AOSTA.

No where is man found alone: or, rather, is he in his proper place when he is in solitude. The strength of the social principle within him is proved by his whole nature's revolting from an existence cut-off from society. It is in society only that we can be said to live;—the air of absolute solitude is stifling: we cannot respire it; it is death. Hence, the perpetual seclusion, to which certain anchorites have condemned themselves, has always been regarded as the most extraordinary example of what enthusiasm can do; the most signal triumph of religious over natural feeling. It is not the mere renunciation of the world that so astonishes; it is man totally abandoning his fellow man; withdrawing from his own nature, as it were, in withdrawing entirely from social intercourse. We can comprehend the heroic constancy of the martyr, whom fidelity to his convictions causes to expire in the midst of flames; but the imagination is bewildered by the words of the hermit Paul,—who said—“*fifty long years have passed during which I have never heard the sound of human voice.*”

This being the case,—and if nature struggles violently under the force of the social instinct, when it is thwarted through the influence of the highest and most powerful of sentiments,—what must be the agony of the unfortunate individual who is reduced by mere necessity to make this terrible sacrifice of himself, and to resign his life to perpetual hopeless solitude!—who shall dare to define or measure the amount of his misery!—But let us suppose still further, that this unhappy person has been struck, branded with reprobation, by nature herself; that from the moment of his birth, he has found himself disinherited of his share of social existence, while at the same time this very nature which has so flung him out of the family of the human race, has given him a heart more than most others calculated to enjoy the sweets of society, furnished with feelings of love and tenderness, of universal good will, and desire to be affectionately regarded;—if we suppose such to be his fate, and such his disposition, and contemplate him overwhelmed under the weight of a past without remembrance—save of misery—and a future without hope;—con-

demned to eternal solitude and eternal pain—must we not confess that the imagination itself cannot aggravate his misfortune—that for him the cup of agony has been filled to the brim!

Up to very lately, the picture of so terrible a condition had never we believe been traced. It has however now been so. A writer has seized this conception, as new and original as it is strong and sublime. Profoundly penetrated by all that there is of really frightful in such a situation he has not dreamed of clothing it with extraordinary circumstances to give it a forced interest. He has thought,—and with reason,—that it was only necessary to leave it in its simplicity that it might strike with force.

A man, born a LEPER, has been cut off from the society of men, in consequence of the fearful and contagious disorder that devours him. A barrier has been raised between him and mankind, and a deserted tower has, for fifteen years, been the place of his seclusion. No event, no variety even of suffering, far less any interruption of happiness, has, during this period, interrupted “*the long and uniform calamity of his life.*” At length a French officer, ignorant of his history, is led by accident to his retreat. The stranger is humane and good; he is moved by the spectacle of so much misery,—and does not share the dastardly fears and prejudices of the peasants of Piedmont. The diseased man finds he has excited interest in the breast of his visitor; this fact forms an era in his dreary existence; a novelty has disturbed his monotonous; a pleasure has relieved his sorrow. The leper becomes garrulous under the effect of his new sensations; he talks to the stranger of the anguish of his heart, and the horrors of his disease. He opens his soul, and shews the depth of his reveries, the blackness of his despair, the boiling fury of his distraction. The extraordinary recital is simply and naturally conveyed in the form of a dialogue,—and the whole is the most lively commentary on the truth which we have stated further back,—namely, that to a social creature a state of solitude is a state of death.

There was still, however, much to do, beyond the first feature of the picture, however hardy and original it might be, to enable the author to claim the merit of having achieved a finished composition; the *genius of details* could alone constitute the great merit of such

a work. It is inconceivable how the author should have felt the extraordinary situation in question so deeply and truly as he must have done, to enable him to draw from it all that it has furnished to his representation. Every thing that properly belongs to it he seems to have caught and given;—absolutely every thing; and what most surprises us is that, while at each moment he leads us to believe, that nothing more can, by any possibility, be added, to increase the force of the melancholy but most interesting scene, he gives us every moment a proof of the contrary, by introducing some stronger trait than any of the preceding. In the sameness of a condition of ceaseless and unvaried pain, he has known how to detect certain shades of distinction, which are almost infinite in their number;—by shewing the suffering under diverse faces, he has marvellously increased the interest, and preserves it for ever fresh.

The first object that demands our special attention is the character of the Leper,—for it is chiefly his character that must regulate his situation. This poor man is simplicity itself;—he is none of those fantastic enthusiasts, with vague restless thoughts, and heated fancies;—capricious adorers of a seclusion that oppresses them—formed to love, but not knowing what,—disgusted with every thing, having nothing understood—one of those persons with diseased sensibilities, in short, who are sometimes to be found in modern society, and oftener still in modern romances. The Leper has nothing extraordinary about him, unless it be a susceptible disposition; but this is enough to render him the unhappiest of men. He has not acquired even that kind of gentle misanthropy, the ordinary companion of seclusion, which appears to be little else but the innocent stratagem of a tender heart seeking to impose upon itself. On the contrary, he holds this feeling in disdain and dislike; yet it is perhaps the only one that could in any considerable degree have assuaged his grief. Books have in vain instructed him of the perversity of men, and the misfortunes inseparable from humanity!—his mind refuses to believe them; in spite of all they say, he is determined to love and admire the human race. What beautiful feeling and delicate foresight are evinced in his care not to touch the roses he cultivated, lest his unhappy malady should communicate its poison to them, and the children of the village who came to rob his garden, and commit other mischief against him

be thus infected! How touching his assurance that he was a little consoled by the laughing taunts of these youthful depredators, who, in running away with their spoil used to shout up to his window—"good bye, leper!"

Luckily for this poor creature, although deprived of the inducements to activity presented by social life, his wants hindered him being totally idle,—and even subjected him to a regular course of occupations. The history he gives of these is of an extreme but pathetic simplicity. Above all, the religious feeling which shews itself in every part of his recital, gives an ineffable grace to his language, and inspires extraordinary interest, because it appears sufficiently strong to connect his whole being, in thought, word, and deed, with his Maker; and yet it is not of an engrossing, absorbing strength, sufficient to overcome his natural sensibilities, which would render him less touching as a victim, by diminishing the range of our sympathy. Perhaps, however, the most true and philosophical trait in this striking picture, is the Leper's clinging to the inanimate objects about him, with an affection stronger than is generally felt for such things in proportion as a sphere in which his instincts of love can exert themselves is contracted, and he is beyond the reach of a living return of friendship. It is with the dead but beautiful nature about him, that he has peopled the solitude of his heart. Here it may be as well to listen to himself, for, if our readers are like to us, they will find an infinite charm in his accents.

"I rest motionless for whole days in the fine weather on this terrace,—inhaling the beauty of nature: my thoughts then swim about in my soul vaguely, indecisively, but busily. I feel my grief still occupying its dark habitation,—but it seems sleeping for the moment,—and I would not awaken it. My looks wander about over this romantic country, and amongst the rocks that surround us; the features of each of these are known to me, and are so fixed in my memory, that their appearance in their places forms as it were a part of my own existence. Each particular view comes upon me like the aspect of a friend whom I see always with the same pleasure. Yet I have my preferences,—my favourites amongst these my acquaintance. One of them is that hermitage which you see there on the summit of the mountain of Charvensod. Alone in the midst of woods, and near to a bare and barren desert, this little spot receives the last rays of the setting sun. Although I have never been there, I feel a singular delight in looking at it. When the day falls, I gaze from my garden seat on this little solitary hermitage,—and my imagination reposes on it. It has become to me a sort of property of my own. While looking upon it, shining still, though twilight surrounds me and my ruined tower, a

faint dreaming rises in my mind, like a recollection as if I had once lived there, and that I was then healthy and happy. I struggle with my memory, which seems too weak to present me with the picture I seek. I love also to contemplate the distant mountains, flinging themselves up grandly at the verge of the horizon, and confounding their snowy summits with the clouds. Distance is felt like futurity, and connects itself with hope; my oppressed heart opens to the belief that there exists perhaps a far-off land, where at some period yet to come, it may be able to taste that happiness for which it groans, and which a secret instinct for ever presents to my fancy as possible."

After this description, on which the mind can rest with some pleasure, there comes a terrible account of his sufferings. It would be too long to follow this sad history into its details: the pains of his disease—above all, his sleepless nights,—those terrible nights when the delirium of fever came upon him,—and made him feel horror at what he thought the approach of madness—so much was he attached to the share of humanity that had fallen to his lot,—so much did he dread further degradation in the scale. When the wind of the south, in the spring time of the year, came to revivify nature, the Leper felt its influence. In the marrow of his bones; he would then fly to the forest, plunge into its depth, and with shrieks demand a friend and companion from the trees which he clasped in his transports, but whose cold and rough bark seemed to reject and repulse him. All this is painted with admirable energy,—and in a way that conveys horror and pity to the very bottom of the soul.

One aggravation of the bitterness of his fate remains to be noticed. Nothing was wanting to complete his misery, but that he should experience the regret caused by a loss—a sense of comparison between the present and the past, to the disadvantage of the former. And this has been provided for. A sister, struck with the same dreadful disease, but not like him, disfigured by it, or without hope of cure, shared his retreat previous to the fifteen years of monotonous solitude which we have noticed.

"One incident (he says) will suffice to give you an idea of her attachment to me. I was walking in my cell, in the dead of the night, tormented with horrible pains; for a moment I stopped worn out, and seeking repose. A slight rustling called my attention to the door, I crept towards it and listened: judge my surprise! my sister was praying to God for me on the threshold of the door. She had heard my complainings; her tenderness made her fear to disturb me,—but she wished to be near me to assist in case of need. I heard her recite in a low voice the *Miserere*. I threw myself on my knees near the door, and, without

interrupting her, followed her words mentally. My eyes were filled with tears. Who would not have been sensible to such affection? When I thought her prayer was finished, 'Adieu,' said I to her in a low voice,—'Adieu,' sister! you may withdraw; I find myself much better. God bless you! and reward you for your pity.' She withdrew silently,—and her prayer no doubt was heard, for I enjoyed some hours of tranquil sleep."

This sister expired in his arms.

"She was scarcely twenty-five; but her sufferings made her appear older. In spite of the disease which carried her off, she would still have been beautiful had she not been supernaturally pale: she was the living image of death, and I could never see her without a sigh. Her feeble and delicate frame could not resist so many accumulated evils. I had perceived for some time that her loss was inevitable, and such was her melancholy lot that I was compelled to desire it. During a month her weakness had augmented, and frequent faintings hourly threatened her life. One evening (it was towards the beginning of August) I saw her so oppressed that I could not quit her. 'I wish to die,' said she, 'while I am looking up to heaven.' I took her in my arms to lift her up; 'support me only,' said she, 'I shall perhaps have strength to walk.' I led her slowly to the nut trees: I formed a cushion with dry leaves; and covered her with a veil to keep off the dampness of the night. I saw her veil lifted up at times, and her white hands spread towards heaven. She asked me for water. I brought some in a cup. She moistened her lips but could not drink. 'I feel my end approach,' said she, turning away her head; 'my thirst will soon be quenched for ever. Support me, my brother! aid your sister to pass this desired but terrible passage. Support me! repeat the prayer for the dying!' These were the last words she uttered. During three hours I supported her in the last struggle with nature: she sunk gently, and her soul detached itself without an effort from the earth."

## Literary.

### THE LITERATURE OF THE NURSERY.

—where is passed the glory and the dream!

In the days of infancy, the imagination revels on the most substantial food. The child builds puddings in the air, instead of castles. In his dreams he contemplates imposing shapes—figures of gingerbread, arrayed in golden decorations—the *beau ideal* of stall-attractions that shine more brightly on his fancy than the contents of the mines of Eldorado! What a place is the ideal London of the provincial enthusiast in petticoats! Palaces of apple-dumplings; spires of *allegampane*; pavements of pancakes, expand before him! He is floating



over the glory of grease and sugar, seen in his mind's eye, when, judging by his external orbs of vision, he would be pronounced to be occupied with his catechism. Urchins of moderate desires may set up a queen-cake as the boundary of their wishes; or, at most, in a sanguine moment, may represent to themselves the possibility of realizing Mr. Horner's Christmas dish; but the poetical fry, the ambitious spirits of five and six, give a wider range to their reveries, a bolder direction to their hopes. They fix their affections and their thoughts at once on a pastry-cook's shop; and it becomes to them what America was to Sir Walter Raleigh—a fairy land, an Atlantis Utopia, the *summum bonum*, the goal of life's race, the vale of Avoca! The snowy surface of a twelfth-cake—(grandeur far than the snowy summits of the Himla chain.)—presents to these a field of chequered and opulent delight, that dazzles the senses, and converts the mind of the youthful observer into a magician's lanthorn, reflecting a long succession of sweet and luscious magnificence. There are gilt coaches, drawn by sleek horses, all alike sublime to the sight and taste! Potentates, whose crowns are studded with plums, and whose sceptres are of lemon peel! Ships of cinnamon, bridges built of almonds, castles of curdled cream, and shepherds and shepherdesses of sugar candy! And all these are to be eaten as well as looked at! What interest this single consideration gives to the picture! The lips instinctively lick themselves as the gay prospect opens. Wordsworth talks in raptures of five sparrow's eggs as "a vision of *de-light*;" if they be so, it must be admitted that five turtlets form a vision of *ecstasy*.

A period, however, at length arrives, when this palatable pageantry begins to pall upon the sense: we no longer love lollypop as we have been wont: if we still occasionally ogle an orange, it is only under the immediate and near temptation of the wheel-barrow. The appetite is now more cunning than keen; we become rather *connoisseurs* than cravers, and have *sang froid* enough to discover that plums and pears are not so delicate as peaches. It is then under the languor of satiety, that the youthful imagination seeks new *stimuli*; and the delicacies of the library,—particularly if their binding be calculated to raise old recollections, and gently agitate former desires by its resemblance to the contents of the gingerbread stall,—supply powerful attractions. This is an era that generally remains included within the limits of the memory of the man—and we ourselves feel that we may describe it with the fulness which memory warrants. What enchanting details lurked under the variegated cover of Mother Goose! How exquisite the perfume of Mother Bunch's darling nose-gay! Our literary horizon in those days was peopled with dragons, was lit up with cha-

riots of fire, and beautified with magical rain-bows. The landscape before us was ever fresh, ever graceful, ever changing. Now Blue-beard swept by—a stern image of mysterious and ferocious pomp—composed on Persian Satrap and Grand Turk—with all the parade of camels and slaves and waving banners in his train. At the next moment we would be attempting to penetrate the high and tangled woods in which the Sleeping Beauty lay concealed. Then how sweet it was to accompany poor little Red-riding-hood, on her walk by village lanes, girded with hedges—not without taking a wistful peep at the "cheese-cakes," and the little pot of butter," in the basket which she bore on her left arm! Those niceties were for her old grandmother; but her grandmother never enriched her toast out of the pot which little Red riding-hood carried! The deceitful monster's fatal reply to the innocent ejaculation—"Grandmama what great teeth you have got!"—continued to startle us at every reading, with undiminished effect, as if we had heard the gnash of the ravenous seizure, and the crackling of the unfortunate child's bones! We used to gaze on Cinderella's face, where she sat amongst the cinders, as if it were a lily in a wilderness of foul weeds: but our greatest favourite, if we recollect rightly, was the description of the feats of the White Cat—her delightful hunting array, and all the attractions of the Feline Court.—This we consider still as a truly elegant tale. What reader is not charmed by the silent attentions of the lovely mouser, her anxious care of the beautiful prince, and the exquisite fricasee of the "fattest mice imaginable!" The exordium of each of these histories is of sublime simplicity, calculated to rouse the attention, which has seldom or ever reason to complain of disappointment. "Once upon a time,"—"In the Reign of King Arthur,"—or better still, "In Days of yore!"—Who has not longed for the cap of Fortunatus, still more than for his purse? Who has not revered batter-pudding for having given that needful shelter to the hero Thumb, which the royal oak afforded to Charles of blessed memory? The bean-stalk is still with us an object of veneration, as we walk in the fields, because of its connection with the famous legend of Jack. We may, we believe, boast of having seen the most favoured specimens of the present generation of cats; but we candidly confess we have never had the good fortune to meet with one individual whose talents and carriage were at all comparable to his of the "Boots." There is nothing we think, in Dante or Cobbett, more tremendous than his threat uttered to the trembling reapers:—"Good people! if you do not tell the king, who will shortly pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my master, the marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince meat!"

And yet how insinuatingly respectful was the same blusterer to the unsuspecting Ogre, who treated him "as civilly as an ogre could do,"—and of whom puss in return made a meal! The consummation of this interesting history is worthy of its noble course: the master of the cat married a princess, and the cat became a great lord,—nor ever after pursued rats and mice *but for his amusement*!

We must crave permission to proceed a little farther; for really there is more pleasure to us in the names of past delights, than in most of the realities by which we are surrounded. Fortunio, and her band of seven, with their expressive titles, should never be forgotten. Master Strongback, who thought he had not deserved salt to his broth, unless he carried wood enough before breakfast to load a couple of waggons; sharp-sighted Master Marksman, who used to bind up his eyes when he shot at partridges, lest he should kill more than he wished; quick-hearing Master Fine Ear, to whom the world was a whispering gallery; Master Grugeon, whose stomach was capable of carrying "six inside;" Thirsty Tippler, Thunder-throated Boisterer, and Lightfoot who tied his legs when he went to hunt, that he might not outrun his game! It is in this tale that we find the following magnificent description of an ogre:—"Galiffon is a giant as high as a steeple; he devours men as an ape eats nuts; when he goes into the country he carries cannons in his pockets to use as pistols!"

Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman!  
Be he alive, or be he dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make me bread!

What is well worthy of admiration in the above is the accuracy with which the giant disposes his vowels: but the horrible imitation of the mysterious monosyllables will never in after life, leave tingling on the ears of those who have heard them pronounced with becoming solemnity in their infancy.—Let us wind up the series with Tom Thumb;—he of whom his poetical historian thus speaks:—

An oak leaf he had for his crown,  
His shirt it was by spiders spun,  
With doublet wove of thistle's down,  
His trowsers up with points were done,  
His stockings, of apple-rinds, they tie  
With eye-lash placket from his mother's eye,  
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,  
Nicely tann'd—the hair within.

The glory of his life, and the sorrow of his death, are yet fresh in the recollections of all who are likely to read this article: we shall therefore now close.

#### THE VISION OF DEATH.

Near the sea shore of —, on the Western Coast of Scotland, in a country village, lived Donald MacInnes, a respectable cottager. I remember him well. He was far advanced in

years when I knew him. He was a man of tall athletic figure, gently bowed down by age; and his locks were white as snow. He had seven sons and a daughter, and with the exception of one of them, they were all comely looking men, and conducted themselves with the utmost propriety, and were beloved by the whole village. It was a fine sight to see the old man sitting in the midst of his family on a long autumn evening, while the fire burned brightly on the cheerful hearth of his comfortable cottage.

I happened to drop in while his family was thus assembled. I shall never forget that night. Donald MacInnes was sitting on one side of the fire, in a large arm chair. His sons and their mother were sitting promiscuously on the other side. Opposite to the old man there was a window, and as it was a warm September evening it was left open; beyond was the sea, and in the pauses of the conversation, the moaning of the waters was heard as they murmured upon the neighboring strand. The old man was speaking to his wife, when all at once his eyes fixed, he ceased speaking, he sat rigid, his eyes glaring on the window, "God, for thy mercy!" muttered he. His face waxed pale, his lips turned livid, they moved, no articulate sound escaped, drops of cold sweat burst out on his forehead. At length he seemed to find his utterance. He started up with a fearful shriek, exclaiming, "It is Death!" and fell forward insensible. He was instantly carried to bed, to which he was confined a day or two. On being questioned regarding the mysterious circumstance of the former night, he gave an evasive reply; said he was taken suddenly ill; but Donald MacInnes never smiled afterwards. He would often gaze on his sons with an air of the profoundest melancholy—and at last the big tear would come into his eye, and he would turn away.

Donald's two eldest sons were reckoned the best deer-shooters in that part of the country. One midsummer morning they went out together, but soon separated, one taking the east side of the mountain, the other the west. Evander, the eldest, had wandered till twelve o'clock, without seeing a single deer. The day was excessively hot. He sat down near a rivulet in the gully of the mountains. A raven croaked near him. Ravens in that part of the country are reckoned birds of bad omen. The raven hopped nearer Evander, and croaked again—Evander shouted. The raven hopped nearer and croaked—came still nearer, until it was close to Evander, who, though he ridiculed his own sensations, felt a shudder of undefined dread as the large glossy black bird croaked hoarsely close to him with eyes fixed upon Evander. He at length raised his gun, and drew the trigger with the intention of killing the bird. The powder merely flashed in the pan, and the raven croaked louder. He

drew the trigger again, but the lock snapped as before. He aimed a third time, fired, and the bird fell screaming near him. Evander ran and took up the dying bird, which in the agonies of death laid hold of his fingers in its beak. With the bird in his hand, he proceeded onwards in the hope of meeting his brother. He soon fell in with him, and to his utter surprise, if not dread, saw a raven in his hand also. An explanation took place, and it seems the younger brother had met the raven he killed precisely under similar circumstances.

The brothers returned home and mentioned the adventure carefully to their father, who seemed much disturbed, and muttered as before, "It is Death." That very night his eldest son was attacked with a malignant contagious fever, and in ten days he was a corpse. It is needless to describe the grief of the family. The same night that Evander the eldest son was buried, the second also fevered, and in a few days was laid beside his brother in a premature grave. Suffice it, that the old man lost all his sons in succession by this malignant fever, excepting the youngest, a poor delicate, and somewhat deformed youth. "I neglected thee too much, my son," muttered Donald MacInnes,—"while thy brethren were living and flourished like saplings of the mountain birch, but Death found his way to my cottage, and I am humbled."

Time at length mellowed his grief; but every evening, the moment the shades of darkness fell upon the earth, Donald MacInnes would quit the cottage, and steal to the churchyard, which was near at hand to weep over the graves of his sons. One night he returned abruptly home from his melancholy exercises; his lips quivered, there was a gentle tremor in his voice, and the blood had forsook his cheeks, leaving faint traces of terror—"Dear father, what is the matter?" inquired his daughter. "Nothing, Mary, nothing," said he, "a sudden faintness only; give me a cup of water."

Donald MacInnes's daughter was married to a decent lad in the neighbourhood, who was employed by the Rev. Mr. M——, the minister of the parish, as a kind of overseer. She had acted as wet nurse to the child of Mrs. A. the pastor's daughter; this was looked upon in that remote part as establishing a kind of relationship; accordingly, when Donald happened to go to the house, he was treated with great kindness by the whole family. The next week after that change in his appearance, which had so alarmed his daughter, he went up to the manse. It was a serene harvest evening, and he found the minister sitting on a hillock, looking at a band of corn reapers in the dell below. "Donald," said the minister, "you must be in readiness to come to the Harvest Home, at the Manse, next fortnight." "Never," replied Donald, "shall I eat that bread, or behold that Harvest Home." "What

mean you?" inquired the Reverend Gentleman. "I come," said Donald, "to bid you farewell, for, after this night, I know I shall never behold you more!" The minister ridiculed the idea, which, he considered, was caused by a momentary depression of spirits. Donald MacInnes shook his head. At last, after repeated solicitations, he addressed the clergyman in these words:—

"It is now, Sir, three years since I was returning home one evening from my day's labour alone. I felt myself the happiest of men. I have, said I, seven sons, the pride of my life. I am happy—what need I more. Just then the sun had set, and I found myself at the corner of the church-yard. To my surprise I saw a face looking over the wall at me. It was the face of an extremely aged man, with hollow, hideous, glossy eyes, which were fixed immovably on me; his features gaunt, ghostly, hollow, unearthly: I found an undefined thrill of horror come over me, for something informed me that he whom I beheld was Death. "Speak," I said desperately, "speak, in the name of the living God." The phantom, I thought, smiled; there was an expression of malignant exultation in his smile, as with his long shrivelled arm he pointed to my cottage. I looked again, and he was gone, and the fox-glove shoots, with their purple flowers, waved mournfully on the wall. I rushed forward where I had seen the spectre—I could behold nothing. The breeze moaned through the patches of luxuriant nettles that grew between the graves. My spirits were agitated by what I had seen, and it was with difficulty I dragged my steps home. Some months after that, while sitting one evening in the midst of my family, opposite the window that looks into the sea, I raised my eyes, and at an open window, regarding me and mine with the same unearthly look of terrific doom and exultation as before—I beheld Death!—How my sons died, one by one, you well know—my only consolation was watering their graves with my tears; but one night happening to go later than usual, I beheld some one sitting upon the grave of my eldest son, and looking down upon the row of mounds that heaved up the green turf on each side—Father of Heaven, it was Death! I ran up to the place, but he was gone, and I swooned away. When I came to myself, the moon was shining calmly above—I could see nothing but the green graves, and the grey moss-covered church, and the silver shining sea. I went home, and told my family nothing of what had happened—Alas! they must now know all, for too surely I know that I am inevitably summoned by Death!"

"Last night, a little before the first cock crew, I had a beautiful dream of my six sons. I thought they came back to me, and that we were wandering through a beautiful wood, and happy as of yore! when lo! my sleep was disturbed—I felt one tugging at my bed—



clothes; but I remained quiet, with my eyes shut. The bed-clothes were again pulled; I started up and sat broad awake in my bed, the moon was shining in at the window, and, Great God!—standing close to me, I beheld Death. There stood the spectre, grim, ghastly, silent, and motionless! My heart died within me, and my joints loosened with fear. I was blasted as it were by the presence of that dreadful being whose eyes were fixed upon me; but with a less stern expression than formerly. It smiled—oh! that unutterably dread smile, how it froze my soul! The spectre smiled, touched me, pointed to the door, and vanished. I know that I am doomed, for who has ever lived that has seen Death!"

In vain the minister attempted to reason with the old man, and to impress upon him that what he had seen was only a dream—a delusion. "No, no," said Donald MacInnes, "don't speak to me of a dream and a delusion. I have seen Death!"—The old man then rose, and, in a most solemn manner, bade an eternal farewell to the pastor and his family.—He was attacked the same night with a pleurisy, which, in thirty hours, carried him off. He now moulders by the sons of his heart, and the peasant, as he passes the church-yard of —, says, with fervour, "God rest the sons of Donald MacInnes!" and the village maids, in the dark winter nights, crouch nearer the fire, while some old Sibyl relates the too true tale of the "Vision of Death!"

#### THE CONSCRIPT AND THE JARDIN BEAUJON.

*By the Hermit in France.*

His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.

*Addison.*

A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,  
That nature's work by art can imitate;  
In which whatever in this worldly state,  
Is sweet and pleasing unto lively sense,  
Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,  
Is poured forth with plentiful dispense,  
And made there to abound with lavish affluence,

*Spencer.*

Standing one day in the place Vendôme,  
and looking up to that pillar, which is really a  
monumentum ære perennius,

from the records which are filled with the actions engraven upon it, I chanced to turn my eye towards *l'état major de la place*, and perceived a number of conscripts marching into the square, accompanied by non-commissioned officers of different corps. Mirth and gaiety prevailed amongst the most of them, from which circumstance I concluded that they were substitutes, since to serve voluntarily, and to receive a recompense for such service, must surely be preferable to being drawn, and forced to march for want of money to dissolve the engagement. One of these recruits was certainly of this class, a fine young lad of about eighteen, with a quick in-

telligent eye, and a great quantity of thick bushy black hair; he was foot-sore, and rather dejected, but with a courage which only dreaded shame, he struggled to put the best face he could upon his situation, and gave from time to time, a fond glance at an old woman who followed him, carrying his bundle and some provisions. On the party being halted, she gave him a silk handkerchief, with which he wiped his forehead, dewy from fatigue; he then checked a sigh ere he uttered "*merci maman*." The two words were a volume—they meant, "I sigh not for myself, I am ready to serve my king and country—the world is before me—hardships are nothing to my youthful limbs, but to loose thee—to leave thee, almost overcomes my manhood." This phrase was followed by an interchange of affection in looks so eloquent, that a heart must have been made of adamant not to have felt them, and not to have sympathised with the mother and son. "*Allons*," said a brisk little corporal, tapping him sharply on the shoulder, "come, we must now find you a billet; back the shoulders a little, and look like a soldier, you can see your *mama* by and by, in the mean time forward, forward." The boy bridled, the old woman's countenance changed; she delivered the bundle to the conscript, and invited the corporal to accept a bottle of wine to which he with mighty importance replied,—"you are very good, we will see about that hereafter, but our duty must be done." A general officer could not have delivered the words in a more imposing manner; he was a young man, but had certainly seen service, from the decoration of his button-hole.

"Well," thought I, "*c'est une belle chose que la gurree quand on en est revenu*;" but how many victims must have bled, ere this lofty pillar sprang from the soil; on what heaps of human sacrifices must not its basis have been laid; how many are now numbered with the dead, who have fought by the side of the corporal: what a lottery is war, and what a right have those who bear its hard-earned distinctions as their reward, to be proud of their success and good fortune. I remember a poor lad, during the war, who, on leaving his native village, and on tenderly embracing his *chère amie*, said, "you will hear me spoken of, else I shall never return." The brave candidate for fame did not return, and the remembrance of the circumstance cast a damp upon my spirits.

I still kept my eye upon the conscript, and on his aged mother: they embraced, as if heart cleaved to heart, and as they disappeared, the old woman's form trembled in an unbidden fear until she no longer filled a place in the scene. What folly cried I to myself, thus to waste feeling on entire strangers! Not so, answered an internal prompter, are they not of the family of man? have they not, in their humble walk of life, ties as feeling and

as sensitive as those of higher birth? Who knows but the days of blessed peace may vanish like a dream, and the hoarse trumpet of discord may proclaim enmity once more betwixt nation and nation, may again create hostility between man and man! Perhaps this tender yet manly-hearted stripling, is destined for the fell harvest of death; perhaps, even in these days of tranquility, the parent bereft of her dear companion, deprived of his nervous arm, and of his industrious support, may pine in what, and sink into ruin; her health may decay, her spirits may fade away, her declining years may come to nothing; and when the young soldier, clad with hope, shall seek her who gave him birth, with high and beating heart, he may seek in vain her place amongst men and may not find her.

The conscription of France, and the impressing of seaman in England, have ever appeared to me as evils of the highest magnitude, although the armies and navies of both countries have performed wonders by sea and land under this compulsion to serve. As for myself, I cherish liberty so much that I deplore the want of it in every individual from the slave to the placeman and pensioner, who have no choice left to them. But this subject is too extensive and comprehensive for the views of these brief sketches, and I accordingly turned from it, to the relaxation of the mind. I took my dinner at the *Rocher de Concale*, and in the evening repaired to the *Jardin Beaujon*, there to borrow mirth from cheerful countenances, to smile from sympathy, and to be amused by proxy, or rather by seeing others seemingly happy.

If I were a king, it would be my delight to be taken incog. to all sorts of places of public resort; to view through loop-holes the felicity of my subject; to listen unperceived to their undisguised sentiments; to learn personally, and not from report, their real character, and their real state; to behold them easy and independent, and to contribute to their prosperity in every shape; but betwixt an author and a king the distance is great, and I should most probably ill become the elevation; I will, therefore, return to my old humble station and confine myself to the *Jardin Beaujon*.—A crowd! a Saint's day too! and therefore the *fête* of many present: those who have bouquets are, I presume, either those adorned on their patron Saint's day or belong to a wedding; well, happy and merry may they be! let me sit down and contemplate the variety of entertainment. I placed myself near a soldier of about forty-five in uniform and an aged pale faced man, who, by his features, must have been his father; what a difference dress and circumstance produced betwixt them. The old man was all humility and homeliness, the son seemed to be a walking calendar of meritorious service, rough, fierce, bristling in mustaches, high in his bearing,

yet decent, and almost courtly in his manner.

As I sat down he made me a very low bow, which I returned with all due consideration; he then touched glasses with the ancient; the act bore an air of friendship and filial feeling blended, and he addressed him with *thee* and *thou*, and tossed off his bumper of spirits.

Soon after I had seated myself, a decorated officer took his coffee near me; he was in plain clothes, but I recognized him to be of the royal guard; the soldier bowed respectfully to him, and he continued in conversation with his father, without the least air of diffidence or confusion, but perfectly at his ease; indeed I have often observed soldiers not mingle with their officers, but sit in proximate situations to them at a coffee-house, or in a public garden; they always paid their dues of respect and subordination, but there was no distant look, no constraint, nothing servile or uneasy in their after-behaviour; they laughed, talked, smoked, or took *le petit verre* quite at home: it is not so in all countries, but there can be no sin in this practice; can man ever feel more comfortable than in seeing his fellow man enjoy innocent recreation? Is there a discordance in the same two men, who are to combat shoulder to shoulder together in the field of fight—to co-operate unitedly for the same cause and end—and perhaps, to be cold companions in an unmade grave upon the same plain of glory, being temporary tenants of the same temple of pleasures, or wanderers in the same garden of amusement?

The group soon rose, and the round of bows and civilities again took place, and left me to the more extensive scene of beaux and belles of almost all classes, there being well-dressed people in almost every one at Paris, *la Halle*, *la Courtille*, and the dregs of *St. Antoine* and *St. Marceau* only excepted. The chariot-races, the desperate descent of the wooden mountains, the dance, and other revelry here, as in the other gardens, occupied the youth of both sexes, whilst grey-beards followed them, if not *pari passu*, at least with hearts as light. The grand finale, or military treat, now gave added attraction to the pastime of the evening, and numerous combatants brought back to the veteran's mind his toils and honours, his marches, bivouacs, conquests, and reverses, his hardships and escapes.

Military exhibitions are quite in unison with national feeling: how crowded is Franconi's theatre when the death of Kleber or Poniatowski is represented! what a lively part all take in the drama on such occasions; the peaceful *badant de Paris* even fancies himself engaged in the combat, and identifies himself with the fate of France's arms; the female eye glows with fire when death snatches the brave combatant from daring enterprise, and closes his ambitious career; her bosom beats with strange emotion from the alliance of love

and war, and her looks seem to proclaim her conviction, that

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

A military life seems to be that the best calculated for the French nation; in earliest infancy, the sabre, the musket, the trumpet, and drum are their first play-things, and continue so until the embryo hero struts out his hour in military attire, and the large cocked hat, or helmet, the sabretache and lance assume their place. The heart of youth next

"Beats high for martial glory;"

and the last scenes of life close, most frequently, in the army, or at least, a great part of life is dedicated to serving in some way. There are few who have not seen campaigns, and of this number, the majority would fain share the glory, if the perils attendant on it did not deter them; even those, when military processions or spectacles are exhibited before them, pant for a soldier's name; but most generally, the child who has played at soldiers, finishes by taking an active part in the eventful performance. To a grave being like myself, the older times of primitive simplicity, when, as Ovid informs us,

"Non galea, non ensis erat,"

would have greater charms, for what could suit so well the life and taste of

A WANDERING HERMIT.

## Poetry.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

### AN EVENING SONG OF PIEDMONT.

Ave Maria! 'tis the midnight hour,  
The rosy wedding of the earth and heaven,  
When music breathes in perfume from the flower,  
And high revelations to the heart are given.  
Soft on the meadows steals the dewy air,  
Like dreams of bliss, the deep blue ether glows,  
And the stream murmurs round its islets fair,  
The lulling music of a sweet repose.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love,  
The kiss of rapture and the linked embrace,  
The tender converse in the dim still grove,  
The elysium of a heart-revealing face,  
When all is beautiful—for we are blest,  
When all is lovely—for we are beloved,  
When all is silent—for our hearts have rest,  
When all is faithful—for our hopes are proved.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer,  
Of still communion with ourselves and heaven,  
When our waked souls their inmost thoughts declare,  
High, pure, far-searching like the light of even;  
When hope becomes fruition and we feel  
The holy earnest of eternal peace,  
That bids our pride before the Omniscient kneel,  
That bids our wild and warring passions cease.

Ave Maria! soft the vesper hymn  
Floats through the cloisters of yon holy pile,  
And mid the stillness of the twilight dim  
Attendant spirits seem to hear and smile.  
Hark! hath it ceased? The vespal seeks her cell,  
And reads her heart—a melancholy tale!

A song of other years, whose echoes swell  
O'er her lost love, like woe's funereal wail:

Ave Maria! let our prayers ascend  
For them whose holy offices afford  
No joy in heaven—on earth without a friend—  
That true, though faded image of the Lord!  
For them in vain the face of nature glows,  
For them in vain the sun in glory burns,  
The hollow heart consumes in fiery woes,  
And meets despair and death where'er it turns.

Ave Maria! in the deep pine wood  
On the clear stream and o'er the azure sky,  
Soft evening smiles, and starry solitude  
Breathes bliss in every breeze that wanders by.  
Ave Maria! may our last hour come  
As bright, as pure, as gentle, heaven! as this;  
Let Hope attend us, smiling, to the tomb,  
And Life and Death are both the heirs of bliss.

F.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

### TO THE OWL.

"Dark Bird of the Night,  
That shunneth the light,  
Whither away on thy wand'ring flight?"  
"From the blood of the slain,  
And the eyes of the dead,  
From the lone, lone plain,  
Where the ho-sen men bled,  
I flee, I flee, and I come not again."

"Lone lover of gloom,  
Whose couch is the tomb,  
Why glare-t thou o'er you marsh of broom?"  
"The night is dark as death,  
But I see a dead man yon,  
And I heard his throttled breath,  
When he perished there alone,  
And his fast cry rung o'er the desert heath."

"Bird of the Night, how did he die?"  
"With a livid brow and a bloodshot eye,  
In the strangling clench of agony.  
He came from afar  
To wed his bride—  
You bright cold star  
Looks down where he died—  
Oh, happier now than those who are!"

"Bird of the wither'd tree!  
When was his spirit free?"  
"When midnight frown'd o'er eternity,  
The shadowy woods were still,  
Save when I shrieked the hour,—  
In the hollow of the bill  
Slept the serpent by the flower,  
When man on man did work his will."

"Sawest thou the slayer—bird?"  
"A form I saw and a weapon heard,  
And a wail of woe the dim air stirr'd;  
An arm was lifted high—  
A dying moan arose—  
I saw the dead man's eye  
Fixed in its last repose,  
But it glared like a meteor, hurl'd from the sky."

"How looked the murderer then?"  
"Like a forsworn churchman when  
He perisheth among deluded men.  
He started—pale, sear'd, hurried, stood,  
Then lifted up the dead—  
Then red'd his eyes from the gushing blood—  
Then raised the mangled head—  
He looked like a fiend in his direct mood."

"Lone bird"---away---away!  
 'Tis the purple blush of day."  
 And I marked the owl on her distant way.  
 I heard a strife---I followed on,  
 A man in bonds was there;  
 I heard a tramp---and they had gone  
 With a felon in despair,  
 And I raised my soul to the judgment-throne,  
 Miserere, Domine!

A felon in the dungeon lies,  
 And hell is in his eyes,  
 And he writhes in hopeless agonies;  
 A hurdle---coffin---priest and cord,  
 A crowd beneath the gallows tree,  
 A prayer---deep silence---then a word,  
 A stir in the throng instinctively---  
 Hath a murderer gone to eternity?

Miserere, Domine!

Paris, May 27, '26.

L.

## CULLODEN.

(From a Summer's Ramble in the Highlands.)

Why linger on this battle heath,  
 So sterile, wild, and lonely now?  
 Stranger! it tells a tale of death,  
 That well befits its barren brow.  
 Nay! rest not on that swelling sod,  
 But let us hence: it marks a grave!  
 Whose verdure is the price of blood---  
 The heart's-stream of the vainly brave.

Long years ago, from o'er the sea,  
 A banish'd prince, of Stuart's line,  
 Came hither, claiming fealty  
 And succour in his sire's decline,  
 A triple diadem---a throne---  
 Ambitions toys---his birthright were:  
 Of valleys, lakes, and mountains lone,  
 Of all our country was he heir.

And there we saw the chequered plaid  
 Across his bosom proudly cast,  
 The mountain bonnet on his head,  
 Its black plumes streaming in the blast:  
 And then we heard the gathering cry,  
 Come blended with the nibroch's strain,  
 And saw the fire-cross flashing by,  
 Our warrior ranking on the plain.

In sooth it was a stirring sight!  
 To these old eyes, grown dim with tears,  
 Still, piercing through the after night,  
 The past in all its pomp appears.  
 These shelter'd glens and dusky hills,  
 Yon isles that gem the western wave,  
 Send forth their strength like mountain rills,  
 To bleed, to die---but not to save.

Away we rush'd: our chiefs were there,  
 And where should we, the clansmen, be  
 But by their side?---the worst to dare,  
 Aye changeless in fidelity.  
 And yon young royal warrior, too,  
 So gaily in our tortans drest.  
 Was in our van: there proudly flew  
 The heather o'er his dancing crest.

Then came the Southron hand to hand,  
 And wide and wasting was the fray;  
 But Victory smiled on Scotia's band,  
 And sweet their trembling ranks away.  
 We chased them o'er the border streams:  
 Then England heard our Logan shout,  
 And saw with dread the boreal gleams  
 Of Highland claymores flashing out.

The foe wax'd strong: our chieftains frown'd  
 In council on each other: then  
 We basely left our vantage ground,  
 And turn'd us home like beaten men.  
 Yet England's blue-eyed yeomen bold,  
 Though vaunting in their long array,  
 Confessed it was no play to hold,  
 Or strike the mountain deer at bay.

At length Culloden's boding heath,  
 Despairing, saw our clansmen stand,  
 While, flaming like the sword of death,  
 Before us gleam'd the Saxon brand.  
 It smote us merciless; it slew  
 The flower of many a warrior clan,  
 Till down yon bank the crimson dew,  
 To mingle with the hill-stream, ran.

Our chieftains sought their native hills;  
 Our prince was hunted like the deer;  
 The captives pour'd their blood in rills,  
 Nor dared a vassal raise the spear.  
 Come, come away! you've now the tale,  
 That cost our country tears of blood.  
 The Saxon conquer'd, and the Gael  
 Lies mould'ring 'neath the verdant sod.

## TO

Seek not to look into my soul!--  
 It loves thee more than its own life;  
 More than it loathes the base controul  
 That binds it to this mortal strife.

Be satisfied to know no more,  
 Dare not to fathom that dark sea;  
 But wait and listen on the shore,  
 Till its deep dirges come to thee.

Their moaning, melancholy notes,---  
 Which to all else may seem a knell  
 That in the midnight distance floats,---  
 Shall be to thee a bridal bell;

A hymn, an anthem of that love  
 Which is beyond the reach of fate;  
 Which friends below, nor saints above,---  
 Which earth itself cannot abate.

There is a voice for ever floats  
 About my steps, where'er I go;  
 Its dim, deep, melancholy notes  
 Tell me a tale I would not know.

'Tis the last moaning of the blast---  
 Worse even than the tempest's sound;  
 What heed we that the danger's past,  
 When all is desolation round!

When the loud thunder on mine ear  
 Burst, and the lightning scar'd my frame;  
 And all things were that I could fear,---  
 Still Hope was walking mid the flame.

But now all is one ceaseless calm,  
 One dark, dead sea, without a wave;  
 For him there's neither bane nor balm  
 Whose thoughts are echoes from the grave.

## TO MARY.

Written at Midnight.

Oh! is there not in infant smiles,  
 A witching power, a cheering ray,  
 A charm that every care beguiles,  
 And bids the weary soul be gay?  
 There surely is---for thou hast been

Child of my heart, my peaceful dove,  
 Gladdening life's sad and chequered scene.  
 An emblem of the peace above.  
 Now all is calm and dark, and still,  
 And bright the beam the moonlight throws  
 On ocean wave and gentle rill,  
 And on thy slumbering cheeks of rose.  
 And may no care disturb that breast,  
 Nor sorrow dim that brow serene;  
 And may thy latest years be blest  
 As thy sweet infancy has been.

## GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22.

## REMINISCENCES.

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, DR. FRANK  
LIN, &c.

(Concluded.)

"We have arrived, Mr. President," said he, "at a very momentous and interesting crisis in our deliberations. Hitherto our views have been as harmonious, and our progress as great as could reasonably have been expected. But now an unlooked for and formidable obstacle is thrown in our way, which threatens to arrest our course, and if not skillfully removed, to render all our fond hopes of a Constitution abortive. The ground which was taken by the delegates of the four smallest states was unexpected by me, and as repugnant to my feelings as it can be to any other member of this convention. After what I thought a full and impartial investigation of the subject, I recorded my vote in the affirmative side of the question, and I have not yet heard any thing which induces me to change my opinion. But I will not therefore conclude that it is impossible for me to be wrong! I will not say that those gentlemen who differ from me are under a delusion! much less will I charge them with an intention of needlessly embarrassing our deliberations. It is possible some change in our late proceedings ought to take place upon principles of political justice; or that, all things considered, the majority may see cause to recede from some of their just pretensions as a matter of prudence and expediency. For my own part there is nothing I so much dread as a failure to derive and establish some efficient and equal form of government for our infant Republic. The present effort has been made under the happiest auspices, and has promised the most favourable results---but should this effort prove vain, it will be long ere another can be made with any prospect of success. Our strength, and our prosperity will depend on our unity; and the secession of even four of the smallest states, interspersed as they are, would, in my mind, paralyse and render useless, any plan which the majority could devise. I should, therefore, be grieved, Mr. President, to see matters brought to the test which has been



perhaps too *rashly* threatened on the one hand, and which some of my honoured colleagues have treated too *lightly* on the other. I am convinced that it is a subject which should be approached with *caution*—treated with *tenderness*—and decided on with *candour* and *liberality*. It is, however, to be feared, that the members of this convention are not in a temper at this moment to approach the subject on which we differ in this spirit; I would, therefore propose, Mr. President, that without proceeding further in this business at this time, the Convention shall adjourn for three days, in order to let the present ferment pass off, and to afford time for a more full, free, and dispassionate investigation of the subject. And I would earnestly recommend to the members of this Convention, that they spend the time of this recess, not in associating with their own party, and devising new arguments to fortify themselves in their old opinions; but that they mix with members of *opposite* sentiments, lend a patient ear to their reasonings, and candidly allow them all the weight to which they may be entitled; and when we assemble again, I hope it will be with a determination to form a Constitution—if not such an one as we can individually, and in all respects approve—yet, the best, which under existing circumstances can be obtained.”—(Here the countenance of Washington brightened, and a cheering ray seemed to break in upon the gloom which had recently covered our political horizon.)—The Doctor continued. “Before I sit down, Mr. President, I will suggest *another matter*, and I am really surprised that it has not been proposed by some other member at an earlier period of our deliberations. I will suggest, Mr. President, the propriety of nominating and appointing before we separate, a Chaplain to this Convention, whose duty it shall be uniformly to assemble with us, and introduce the business of each day by an *address to the Creator of the Universe* and the Governor of all nations, beseeching Him to preside in our councils—enlighten our minds with a portion of heavenly wisdom—influence our hearts with a love of truth and justice, and crown our labours with complete and abundant success!”

The Doctor sat down, and never, said Gen. —, did I behold a countenance at once so dignified, and delighted, as was that of Washington, at the close of this address. Nor were the members of the Convention generally less affected. The words of the venerable Franklin fell upon our ears with a weight and authority even greater than we may suppose an oracle to have had in a Roman senate. A silent admiration superseded, for a moment, the expression of that assent and approbation which was strongly marked on almost every countenance; I say, *almost*, for one man was found in the Convention, Mr. H——, from

....., who rose and said,—with regard to the first motion of the honorable gentleman, for an adjournment, he would yield his assent; but he protested against the second motion, for the appointment of a chaplain. He then commenced a high strained eulogium on the assemblage of wisdom, talent and experience which the Convention embraced—declared the high sense he entertained of the honour which his constituents had conferred upon him, in making him a member of that respectable body; since he was confidently of opinion, that *they were competent* to transact the business which had been entrusted to their care—that they were equal to every exigence which might occur, and concluded by saying, that therefore he did not see the necessity of calling in *foreign aid*!

Washington fixed his eye upon the speaker with a mixture of surprise and indignation, while he uttered this impertinent and impious speech! and then looked around to see in what manner it affected others. They did not leave him a moment to doubt, no one deigned to reply, or take the smallest notice of the speaker; but the motion for appointing a chaplain was instantly seconded and carried; whether under the silent disapprobation of Mr. H——, or his solitary negative, I do not recollect. The motion for an adjournment was then put, and carried unanimously, and the Convention adjourned accordingly.

The three days of recess were spent in the manner advised by Dr. Franklin, the opposite parties mixed with each other and a free and frank interchange of sentiments took place. On the fourth day we assembled again, and if great additional light had not been thrown on the subject, every unfriendly feeling had been expelled, and a spirit of conciliation had been cultivated, which promised, at least, a calm and dispassionate reconsideration of the subject.

As soon as the chaplain had ended his prayer, and the minutes of the last meeting were read, all eyes were turned to the Doctor. He rose, and in few words stated, that during the recess he had listened attentively to all the arguments pro and con which had been urged by both sides of the house;—that he had himself said much, and thought more on the subject—he saw difficulties and objections which might be urged by individual states against every scheme which had been proposed, and he thought now, more than ever, that the Constitution which they were about to form, in order to be *just and equal*, must be formed on the basis of *compromise and mutual concession*. With such views and feelings he would now move a reconsideration of the vote last taken on the organization of the senate. The motion was seconded, the vote carried, the former vote rescinded, and by a successive motion and resolution the senate was organized on the present plan.

*Gratitude of Republics!*—It is a fact that the death of the gray-haired and venerable Jefferson was accelerated by the importunate and inexorable persecutions of some *paltry* creditors, we say *paltry*, for though they were numerous, the amount of all their demands did not equal six thousand dollars, and while his more extensive creditors scorned to oppress him, the health and spirits of this exalted man were depressed and shattered by the loud cries of these harpies, for so contemptible a sum. These men may not receive their reward *in time*; may they receive it in *eternity*!

We have heretofore alluded to the fate of that great and good man Robert Morris, the high-minded patriot, the bosom friend of Washington. We subjoin an extract from the “*Recollections of Washington*,” by Mr. Custis of Arlington, corroborative of what we have heretofore stated of the incalculable services of Robert Morris, and of the scandalous ingratitude of the nation which he *upheld*. Whatever may be the faults of monarchy, how numerous soever may be its evils, one thing is certain, a monarch never leaves his heroes, his protectors and his upholders to imprisonment and penury.

“If I am asked—And did not Washington unbend and admit to familiarity, and social friendship, some one person, to whom age and long and interesting associations gave peculiar privilege, the privilege of the heart? I answer that favourite individual was Robert Morris.

The General in Chief of the Armies of independence, in the relief afforded to the privations of his suffering soldiery, first learned the value of Robert Morris. It was he who brought order out of chaos, and whose talent and credit sustained the cause of his country in her worst times. Virtues and services like these endeared their possessor to the paternal chief, in whose heart the financier of the revolutions held an esteem which neither time nor misfortune could alter or impair.

Mr. Morris was ever a guest at the private and select parties of president. So much was this a matter of course, that the steward having first placed Mr. M.’s favourite wine at the plate immediately on the right of the Chief would repair to the dwelling of Morris, and observe—“The President dines with a select party of friends to-day, and expects your company as usual.”

When Mr. Morris first engaged in those speculations which terminated so unhappily, Washington, with the privilege of sincere friendship, remonstrated, observing, “You are old, and had better retire, rather than engage in such extensive concerns.” Morris replied, “Your advice is proof of that wisdom and prudence which govern all your words and actions; but, my dear General, I can never do things in the small; I must be either a *man* or a *mouse*.”



"In 1798, when the Lieutenant General and Commander in Chief repaired to Philadelphia to superintend the organization of his last army, unmindful of the dignity, wealth and splendor which crowded to greet his arrival, he paid his first visit to the prison-house and Robert Morris. The old man wrung the hand of the Chief in silence, while his tearful eye gave the welcome to such an home. The mouse was, indeed in his iron-bound cage; but, in the United States of America, for Robert Morris to have been imprisoned, *in character*, the bars should have been of gold. How is this American? Is it not the condemnation of Manlius on the Capitoline Hill; a crime which the heathen Roman dared not commit. The financier of the revolution, whose talent, whose credit sustained the cause of his country in that country's utmost need. Whatever may have been his misfortunes, say his faults, did not his generous services "plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation" of such an home for his age. And when broken-hearted, penniless, friendless and forgotten, his grey hairs descended in sorrow to the grave, how was the last duty paid to him we owed so much. How many of those who had basked in the sunshine of his prosperity, fed at his ever hospitable board, and drank of his ever-flowing cup, followed his hearse. Where were the corporate bodies; where the long trains of youth who were led up to pay their last homage to the *republic's benefactor*."

Shall we still hear the trumpet tones of *American gratitude*? Look here, *Americans*, at another's history.

"Another, and most valued friend of the Chief, was Nelson of Virginia. He signed the Declaration of Independence, and was a Patriot, Statesman and Soldier.

"At the commencement of the war of the Revolution, General Nelson possessed a noble fortune; he lavished it in the cause of liberty. From his personal virtues he had the most commanding influence in the state; he exerted it in rallying her sons, when a powerful foe invaded her soil. His weight of character enabled him to unlock the coffers of avarice, and give their hoards to the aid of his country when that country had neither a dollar in her treasury, nor credit to obtain one. His plough was left in the furrow, that his horse might drag our munitions of war; and when invited by La Fayette, to point the guns of a new battery at York, he directed them against the best house in town, because it was *his own paternal mansion*, and was supposed to contain the enemies of his country. Such were the virtues and services of Thomas Nelson. Having lived to witness the consummation of that Independence, which his pen had signed and his sword had earned, he closed his eyes in peace, leaving a very numerous family, and a fortune greatly impaired, by the vast sacrifices

it had made for American liberty. And will the *American* reader believe that the widow of such a patriot and such a man, lives in Virginia—that very Virginia on which the name and character of Nelson sheds unfading lustre—that this venerable relict, now on the verge of human life, blind and poor, has yet to learn whether an emancipated country can be *just*, more than forty years not having sufficed to show whether it can be *grateful*."

**Poetry.**—Mr. Fairfield, the poet, has returned from Europe to this country. His reception abroad was highly flattering. In our poetical department our readers will find two contributions from his pen—"To the Owl," and "An Evening Song of Piedmont."

**Theatrical.**—Miss Pelby is eliciting great and deserved applause at the La Fayette Theatre. She is a sprightly and graceful actress, and will in a few years with proper cultivation, become a first rate performer.

Mrs. Duff is also engaged at the La Fayette. The managers of this establishment are pursuing the right path to success.

A correspondent wishes to know if "Leisure Hours at Sea," and "Journals of the Ocean" are by the same author. *Ans.* They are not.

## Miscellaneous.

### THOUGHT.

*By an Hypochondriack.*

Thought and Thinking are words quite of familiar use; for they are perpetually recurring in the talk of every body, and yet how very imperfectly are these expression understood. I question, if one in a thousand who use them, could when called upon, give any tolerable explanation upon their meaning.

Where is the seat of thought? what is the nature of the thinking principle? how is the operation of thought in its variety of modes begun and carried on? are enquiries, I believe too profound for man in this stage of his being. At least, I can fairly argue from what facts have hitherto been presented to the analysts of speculation, that all attempts to give a solution of these difficulties have only afforded proofs how very inadequate the present faculties of human nature are to the task. It is humbling to think of the many wild and impertinent hypothesis which have been framed upon this subject by impatience and presumptuous incapacity, hypotheses not less ridiculously ignorant with respect to the wonderful science of the mind, than the conjectures of

the meanest rustics as to the heavenly bodies are with respect to astronomy.

Providence has kindly allowed us much enjoyment of many things while their essence lies yet concealed from us in impenetrable obscurity. The extensive usefulness and pleasure of thinking can very well subsist, although our comprehension does not reach to a full knowledge of what thought really is.

Thinking has been set down by an ingenious philosopher as the test of existence. "*Cogito ergo sum—I think, therefore I am.*" Yet thought has in the general acceptance of the vulgar, and that too sanctified by the authority of great names, been understood as equivalent to melancholy. When one is afflicted with a dreary, distempered mind, the common phrase is "he is thoughtful;" never to think is one of the tumultuous prayers of Bacchanalian votaries.—

"Let Bedlam be his portion

Who breaks his brains with thinking."

begins one of our best drinking songs, Nay Dryden says

Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow,

Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe

But Hypochondriack as I am, I would flatter myself, and in the sound frame in which I at present exist, I can say I am well persuaded that these are partial views only upon the dark side of thinking. Thinking may be either a pain or pleasure, according as the mind is in a diseased or a healthful state. It may as well be maintained that there is no enjoyment in bed, because there is none in the tossings of a feverish sick bed, as that there is no happiness in thinking, because that thought is sometimes distressing.

I most willingly admit that of all kinds of misery, the misery of Thought is the severest. The excellent Andrew Baxter, whose acute and pleasing essay on the Immortality of the Soul has endeared his name to numbers, has this remark in a part of his works: "He is a happy man who knows not by experience, that thinking is many times a torture not to be conceived or endured." Dr. Hugh Blair in one of his sermons, entitled "On the Disorders of the Passion," thus admirably speaks: "Amidst the ordinary calamities of the world the mind can exert its powers, and suggest relief; and the mind is properly the man; the sufferer, and his sufferings can be distinguished. But those disorders of passions by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They penetrate to the very seat of sensation; and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture." And in that sacred book where every thing is so much better said than any where else, we find "the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities. But a wounded spirit who can bear?"

This anguish however, is by no means the

usual consequence of thought. It has place only where there is remorse from a guilty conscience, or the direful malady of a distempered mind.

And on the other hand, what comfort! what amusement! what luxury do we experience in thinking; what sources of happiness are there in the discovery of truth by judgment—in the pleasures of imagination—in the perpetual feast of a good conscience—in gay hopes of enjoyment in this life—and in mysterious yet ravishing contemplation of beatitude in the life that is to come! The exercise of every one of our mental powers is agreeable, and upon some occasions delightful. Incumbered and uninstructed as we are in these earthly cases, our minds are often able to exert such force and spirit as indicate our celestial tendency, and make us not only disdain to acquiesce in sensual tranquility, but elevate our wishes to those regions of intellectual felicity which we believe are before us.

All the workings of our mind from the study of simple propositions to the contemplation of the sublimest objects, give us pleasure, if our minds be in a healthful state. If therefore heaven is pleased to grant us Horace's most rational wish, "*mens sana in corpore sano*—A sound mind in a sound body," instead of considering thinking to be an evil, we shall esteem it as our greatest blessing, hold the mind indeed to be a kingdom, and exult in the prospect of its extension and cultivation from age to age.

That thought may in some degree be directed I cannot doubt, because I have the conviction of my own experience, and the assurance of others who have had much experience, and that in a much abler manner. There is an 'Art of Thinking,' however difficult it may be to attain it: and the chief end of education, should be to teach that art as much as possible, so that those who are instructed, may, by habitual reflection, and animated exertions, get the use of their minds, as the exercises of the academy give them the use of their bodies. How this is performed I do not attempt to develop. I write upon the credit of experimental truth, upon which the keenest philosophical enquirer must act nine times in a hundred. Nor can I be at all precise in defining what may or may not be done. That there may be too much bustle and exertion of mind to produce a substantial effect I am very sensible, and I have often admired the justness of that stroke of character in Pope:

*'With too much thinking ever to have thought.'*

I must also confess that I do not quite believe that any man possesses the perfect power of clearing his mind from what he chuses to expel; though I think it is Dr. South who gravely exhorts, 'when an evil thought cometh into the mind of a christian, let him calmly set it aside.' Some thoughts will by par-

ticular causes or associations gain such a predominance in our minds, as not to be subdued by any immediate efforts, but must be allowed gradually to decay, or be covered by the succession of other thoughts; and I cannot with any clearness affirm or deny what share other spirits may be permitted to have in mingling what thoughts they choose, with ours, and in keeping certain thoughts permanent in our minds. I am above being ashamed of having the character of superstitious in this age; and therefore I write with freedom and firmness, according to my own way of thinking, in which I coincide with as great minds as ever was. In the art of Thinking as in other arts, though all cannot be accomplished, much may be done, and that should be sufficient to excite our industry.

#### AN ADVENTURE AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

Happening to pay a visit the other day to my old friend Mr. Humphrey Dumplin, I found him preparing to go out of town, and, upon enquiring, was told he was "only going to his country house." A little surprised at the mention of a country house, I could not help expressing myself in rather jocular terms to my friend Humphrey.—"Hark ye, said he, this is no business of mine; my wife has been plaguing me for some years to hire a country house for her, and some how very unaccountably she has taken it into her head to turn farmer and dairy woman; and you know, Mr. Nestor, one must comply with one's wife sometimes." Here I could not help paying Mr. Dumplin some compliments on his civility, and told him I should pay him a visit at his country house. "Will you indeed, now that's kind, friend Nestor, that's kind; and in truth I meant to have asked you, but I was afraid you don't like such things." The day was then appointed, we shook hands and parted.

Before I relate my adventures on that day, it may be necessary to premise that Mr. Humphrey Dumplin, citizen and grocer, is a very worthy tradesman as times now go; without having, or pretending to any thing like superior sense and great parts, he has had the sense to gather a pretty tolerable sum of money, and would long ago have retired from business, if, as he says himself, "he had known what to do."—But idleness is his aversion—his wife, Mrs. Dumplin, is one of those ladies whose virtues are not quite so prominent as their follies; she has picked up some where high notions of life, and considers a whisker and a country house as raising her above the common rank of mortals; and it happens unfortunately that her ideas of *gentility* and those her husband entertains, differ very materially. He is for the snug comforts of a family fire-side, with a single friend, a bottle, and a pipe, she is "never less at home than

when at home," for her house is crowded with visitors. He is contented with the necessities—and she is pleased with the superfluities of life—But their differences will probably appear in the sequel.

I soon arrived at Mr. Dumplin's house, about five miles from town. The situation was of Mr. Dumplin's chusing.—The house stands as near the road as possible, that, as the good lady says, "one may see what is passing,"—behind it is the garden, at the end of which is a wall of six feet high, which divides it from a brickfield, the perfume of which, however unpleasant it may be to some noses, Mrs. Dumplin assured me was very "whole some." When I arrived, the house was full of company, for this, unluckily, for me happened to be one of Mrs. Dumplin's OPEN DAYS, as she calls them, on which all visitors are welcome, except to my friend Humphrey, whose pipe is expressly prohibited when there is company. There was Mr. and Mrs. Spriggins, and the two Miss Spriggins—Mr. Legboard, and his maiden sister, Mr. and Mrs. Tabby, and their son and daughter, with a long list of *et ceteras*—to all of whom I was introduced in due form—and after I was seated a whisper went round the room, of which I could only hear the words—curious figure—odd fellow, &c.

A profusion of dinner soon appeared on the table, and I was tempted to compliment Mrs. Dumplin, by remarking that the court of aldermen indeed could not dine more plenteously. "You are very good Mr. Nestor, but these things are all within ourselves, except the veal, I believe you have not seen our farm, Mr. Nestor? you shall see it after dinner." "My dear," said Mr. Dumplin, "do allow Mr. Nestor to sit a while after dinner, before he sees you ducks and geese." "Ah! Mr. Nestor," rejoined the lady, "my husband has no taste, you see; he thinks of nothing but smoking and drinking." "I think of what I have been used to, wife."—Perceiving this dispute likely to interrupt the harmony of the table, I endeavoured to put a stop to it, by asking Mr. Dumplin if he had heard the news of the day, and was about to inform him of the new taxes, when I was called to order in my turn by Mrs. Dumplin, who informed me that the chickens were of her own breed—did you ever eat a better lettuce than that, Mr. Nestor, out of my own garden I assure you—we grow every thing ourselves—Lord have mercy upon us!"

This sudden exclamation made us start—away flew Mrs. Dumplin to the window, and the whole of the company after her—"Lord have mercy upon us! I protest the sow has got into the garden: run, Jenny, and drive her out; it is unbeknown what mischief she may do."

When Jenny returned—"And how could you be so stupid, as to leave the garden door

open, when I told you not?"—"Ma'am the latch is broke."—"Latch broke! and who broke it?" These servants are enough to ruin one—Pray ladies sit down—go and tie the door with a string you fool you.

Mr. Dumplin bit his lips, winked to me, and whispered "Now it is coming." "Here Jenny, bring some cream—you shall see Mr. Nestor, how we live: none of your milk and water, I assure you—my own cow, Mr. Nestor—there, that's her in the field."

Up we all got again to the window—

Mr. Dumplin muttered d—n the cow, but luckily was not heard by all.

Proper respects having been paid to the talents and virtues of the cow, we again took our seats; and dinner being finished, the wine was set on the table—"this is currant wine Mr. Nestor, you would take it for Frontignac—my own making I assure you." "And pray, edged in my friend Humphrey, how does the play-bill go down?" "Lord! Mr. Dumplin, you mind nothing but bills—Well how do you like the Frontignac, as I call it Mr. Nestor?"

"Excellent, madam."

"I thought you would like it—but there's my husband says it is nothing, but treacle and water—I should not have thought, indeed—

"Nay, my dear, I am sure I should call it very good—if it were not that then you would oblige me to drink it."

This dispute might have gone serious lengths, if we had not again been interrupted by another scream, and "Lord ha! mercy upon us," from Mrs. Dumplin. The servant had just whispered to her that one of the ducks was found this morning drowned in the pond, and there were but four of the chickens to be seen instead of six.

Here Mrs. Dumplin lost all patience, and my friend Humphrey did not find it. "Such a duck, the prettiest creature, Mr. Nestor, (for it was thought respectful to address all her complaints to me) you ever saw: I would not have taken five pounds for it—and then my chicks, my dear chicks, six such beauties, and only four left. Jenny, I tell you, it cannot be—I will go and look for the chicks myself—and now Mr. Nestor, you may come and see my poultry."

Humphrey nodded, winked, shrugged his shoulders, used every silent mode of speech to detain me, but in vain. Mrs. Dumplin paid me the particular compliment, and I thought it would be cruel to reject her kindness. Humphrey made one bold attempt—"wife why should you take the company now, the grass is quite wet; they will catch cold."

This was answered by a look so expressive that we were determined to follow Mrs. Dumplin at all events. The grass was indeed so wet, and from its scarcity the ground so slippery, that more immediate consequences than a cold had like to have attended our peregrina-

tions.—First the cow passed in review: Mrs. Dumplin uttered an eulogium on her merits, the excellence and plenty of the milk. It was impossible for us not to praise such a cow, and we echoed the character Mrs. D. had given, as well as we could remember it, and that without taking the least notice of what we saw with our own eyes, namely the meagre figure of the beast, and the more meagre pasture in which it fed, or attempted to feed.

The sow, lately in disgrace for her speculations in the garden, but now restored to the smiles of her mistress, came next to be viewed; and, although there seldom is any thing remarkable in the external appearance of this animal, we were compelled to assent to its beauty.—The ducks came of themselves, and were received with evident marks of approbation. The lifeless corpse of the one just found in the pond was exhibited for our inspection. Mrs. Dumplin entered into a long history of its birth and parentage, and was so much of opinion that it had been murdered, that it was in vain for Jenny and her fellow servant to vow and protest they had no hand in its death. The various opinions on this catastrophe employed us fully half an hour during which time certain twinges in my toe assured me that standing on wet grass was not so very wholesome as Mrs. Dumplin might think, and I was about to take a polite leave, when we were summoned to the hen-coops, and from that to the piggery, and the dove-house, all of which took up the remainder of the afternoon; where the two missing chicks could be, was the wonder.—Some gave one opinion, and some another. Mrs. Dumplin attributed the whole to neglect, and concluded with informing Jenny that if she did not find the chicks before morning, away she must go.

At length we were permitted to return to the house to tea, where we found my friend Humphrey smoking his pipe, which, however he threw away the moment Mrs. Dumplin appeared. "So Mr. Dumplin, here we left you, and here we find you. I have been taking Mr. Nestor over all our grounds, and you cannot think how delighted he has been with our poultry, and our garden, and our pond, and all other things." A significant smile from Humphrey had like to have spoken my sentiments, when, to prevent any farther altercation, I complimented Mrs. Dumplin on her excellent situation, &c. which put her into such spirits, that for two hours she talked of nothing, and would not let us talk of any thing, but her ducks, her pigs, her promising peas, beans, &c. &c. a consequence I did not expect although, every thing considered, it was but natural, from the compliment I paid.

Fatigued at length by this rhapsody of uninteresting matter, I took my leave, and was ushered to the door with all ceremony; Mrs. Dumplin begging I would come often to see

them in the fruit season; and Humphrey whispering that he would be glad to see me when his wife *was in town*, of which he would give me notice, I gently trudged to town after a day unprofitably spent, and reflecting within myself on the too common folly of people fancying that their amusements and liking must be equally acceptable to others. The ostentatious parade of this villa was surely more likely to take from, than add to my admiration of it. Ladies in the situation of Mrs. Dumplin would do well to remember that although visitors may leave town for the air and exercise of the country, they do not absolutely part with their rational powers, and devote their time to the biography of pigs and fowls; and that, however interesting to the lady of the manor, the loss of a chicken or the death of a duck may be, yet it were no more with other people, and ought to occupy no more of the conversation than the loss of a cork-screw or the mislaying of a ribbon.

"The Duke de la Rochefoucault's definition of gravity," says Sterne, "deserves to be written in letters of gold."—Vorick had been speaking to this effect:—Gravity is an errant scoundrel, and of the most dangerous kind too because a sly one; and more honest well meaning people are bubbled out of their goods and money by it in twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. The very offence of gravity is design, and consequently deceit: A taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man is worth."

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

#### TO SLEEP.

With an angel eye, and a brow that never  
Had been other than meekly calm;  
And lips which a soft smile seems to sever,  
Such as shed round a soothing charm;  
With a step more light than Zephyr's sigh,  
Would I paint thee, in loveliness passing by.

Such could I fancy thee, roving far  
Beneath the pale moon's glistering beam;  
Or the fainter light of heaven's fairest star,  
Attended by many a shadowy dream:  
Those purer visions, in mercy given  
To slumbering souls, when they dream of heaven.

By an infant's couch I behold thee sit,  
Its widow'd parent's earthly treasure;  
And over its features, like sunshine, flit  
Bright gleams of half unconscious pleasure  
Smiles of a spirit that knows no fears  
Such as belong not to after years.

#### LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

It is a maxim which cannot be too often inculcated, nor too strongly impressed upon the imagination, "that men owe the greatest part



of their chagrin and disappointments to the extravagance of their hopes."

Strephon and Cloe are in love. Strephon sighs, Cloe languishes. He vows to be forever true, that his tenderness and love shall never be diminished, that he would rather suffer ten thousand deaths, and rocks, and tortures, and—in short, all that an overheated imagination can suggest, than do the least thing contrary to the will or wish of the dear, dear object of his adoration. She cannot pay her own charms and discretion so ill a compliment as to suppose it possible for him to fail in the performance of any one article of his numerous and romantic promises. They neither of them take the trouble of examining into their different passions, habits, and expectations. They find themselves elated with ideal schemes of future pleasure, and imagine that to be married is to be happy. Thus stands the account on the creditor side, wrote with milk, and read with the honeyed tongue of inexperienced love! Cast your eye to the debtor side. The gall of disappointment is indelible! The blots of ill conduct, and the distorted scrawls of passion make it almost impossible for the unhappy partners to state a balance! Men and women, while lovers, promise so much, and when married perform so little, are so loath to perceive one another's imperfections when they should, and so very willing to expose and aggravate them when they should not, that hymenial unhappiness is not at all to be wondered at.

Many of the miseries of matrimony spring from the inexperience of both parties. When a youth of twenty, and a girl of eighteen are yoked together, inexperience holds the plough, and inclination drives them over the hills of pride, the brambles of anger, the heavy ruts of extravagance, and leaves them at last entangled and bewildered in the sloughs of mutual railing and discontent.

"Good God!" exclaims Dorophorus, "how could I ever be so absurdly stupid as to suppose you handsome and obliging!" "And how," replies Acte, "is it possible I should be so foolish as to imagine you good tempered and generous! Acte has forgotten how often they have quarrelled, and Dorophorus the vexations she has had. Be careful, therefore, all ye youths and maidens, who are eager to gain possession of what you imagine to be the ultimatum of all human happiness. Be discreet, and you shall not be deceived. Expect not to meet a man without faults, or a woman without follies. Be diligent in the discovery of your own follies, and continue blind to those of your lover, after a more intimate acquaintance as you were before. Be eager to correct yourself, and excuse your help-mate; for without this mutual endeavour, sooner shall the sea gather itself to the tops of the mountains, and leave the valleys dry, than you shall find comfort in wedlock.

### THE BLACK LIST.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I purchased about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the *New-York Literary Gazette*, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List—no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly or unjustly—but when once inserted there shall it remain.

**JOHN BOYD & WM. KENT,**  
*Attorneys & Solicitors in Chancery,*  
COMMISSIONERS & PUBLIC  
NOTARIES,  
NO. 32 PINE-STREET,  
NEW-YORK.

**JONES' "CHRISTIAN HISTORY."**—A few copies of the *First American Edition* of "THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, from the Birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century; including the very interesting Account of the Waldenses and Albigenes," may be had, at the Bookstore of Gould & Banks, corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, opposite the Park, and at the Printing-Office, corner of Washington and Vesey streets.

Various well written episodes (says the Monthly Review) add greatly to the value of the Work; among which deserve to be distinguished the author's account of the *sacking of Rome by Alaric*, the origin and progress of monkery, and the rise and propagation of Mohammedanism; and the volumes are enlivened by a great number of very interesting anecdotes.

The History of the Waldensian Churches occupies half of the Work; and in giving their history, it is sufficient to say, that in the volume, the foot-steps of Christ's "little flock," are traced from the days of the apostles, through every successive age to our own times, the horrible persecutions for which several centuries they sustained, on account of their inflexible adherence "to the testimony of God and the faith of Jesus," are faithfully narrated; and the power and faithfulness of Christ, in preserving the burning bush from being utterly consumed, and in making the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church, are signally and visibly displayed.

N. B. The English copies of the Work have been selling in this country for *Eight Dollars*—while the American copies are offered at the very low price of *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*.

Extracts from American Testimonies and Recommendations.

From William Staughton, President of Columbia College, Washington City.

"I have read with pleasure, The History of the Christian Church; including an account of the Waldenses and Albigenes" by William Jones....I consider it a most valuable production, and deserving the attention of all who are desirous of becoming familiar with Ecclesiastical History at one of its most interesting periods."

From Samuel H. Cox, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Light-street, N. Y.

"I have owned for some time, and read the whole of the two octavo volumes of the fourth London edition of the History of the Christian Church, from the Birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century, and from experience of its value, can recommend it to the confidence of all with whom my name may have influence, on the score of evangelical piety, historical authenticity, and classical simplicity of narration."

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AND  
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